

Saturday night, Oct. 28, 1913,  
Pyeng Yant, Korea.

Dear Sweet Boy,

The house is all quiet, my classroom work for three Debra-phyl classes and three history classes is ready for Monday and while I feel somewhat "dried up" mentally I am going to give you an hour before going to bed. As I think I have written before, our family is in bed by 7:30 and on Friday and Sat. nights 8:00 o'clock. We breakfast at 7:30 and on extra days 8 o'clock. It seems very necessary here in the Orient to get an unusual amount of sleep. I just couldn't get used to a 9 o'clock bed time as many here do - but I do go earlier than I used to in America. But the children must have plenty of sleep. You would enjoy seeing us in the evening, I know. After over 5:30 supper we at once have our little evening service of song, Bible reading and prayer. We are reading John and how earnestly they all enter into it. It is so perfectly sweet and refreshing to see little, wide-awake, intelligent boys and girls so reverently interested and taking part in such a natural way in all our devotional services. Almost always they lead the prayers, - the sweetest most earnest real prayers. They make me think of the dear prayers you boys used to pray in the sweet past. One boy, "Bruce" whom I just lost, with his red hair and impetuous spirit-boy, every atom of him, - pray just as such a boy would. Last night he was praying that they might

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just as such a boy would. Last  
night he was praying that they might  
all be good children and "do what  
thou wantest us to do" and thankful  
for the "good play time and for the  
School, where we can get educated."  
One day he prayed feelingly that  
there might not "be any failing business"  
in their studies. He is the boy who  
asks me all sorts of questions on  
base ball? I see now how you boys  
neglected any education in that  
essential. I am a walking encyclo-  
pedia (?) on most subjects - by the  
way the only encyclopedia we have  
unabridged and positively exhaustless.  
- But when it comes to base ball!?!  
If they ever wholly discover the depths  
of my ignorance I'll have to get some  
new children to educate. But, after  
our evening prayer then we all gather  
around the dining room table, each in  
his own place, and lessons are pre-  
pared for next day. It is a busy  
scene - and I'm pretty busy also -  
answering this and that, doing an ex-  
ample in mixed fractions or  
decimals, helping out with a map  
or spelling words or explaining some  
point - oh, the hundred things that  
come up in the preparation of lessons.  
Then at 7:30 all the candles are  
lighted (we use coal oil lamps to work  
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I have kissed and been kissed.  
I only kiss the boys once in a long  
time - I'm not much on thrashing  
such things on boys - but there  
sweet boys are such mother-lovers  
I have to give them a bit of a kissing,  
once in awhile. And you know I  
find my "problem" boy, our largest  
boy, wants to be kissed oftenest, poor  
fellow! He is a long ways from home  
and he is a little self-conceited Cana-  
dian with many points on which  
the other boys feel it their duty to give  
some wholesome thrashing - and as  
long as they do it in a perfectly hon-  
orable and fair manner I let them  
for it is just the medicine he needs.  
He has been here a month and is slow.  
by being transformed. But I like  
him at last and he seems to like me  
which is really a wonder seeing I  
have had to be so severe with him.  
He is the poor lad who has only had  
Korean playmates and oh, but it  
leaves its mark! There's another  
vast blessing of which American  
parents are ignorant - the privilege  
of having your children play and  
go to school with decent, clean,  
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He is the poor ~~and~~ playmate and oh, but it leaves its mark; ~~there's~~ another vast blessing of which American parents are ignorant - the privilege of having your children play and go to school with decent, clean, Christian-Haniel companions. The curse of heathenism is on its children, a bitter and unjust curse.

Today has had its new experience in the shape of an invitation to the birth-day dinner of the richest woman in one of the little Korean communities outside of the mass of homes inside the city proper there are numerous little communities everywhere. Perhaps a village of fifty houses, or perhaps ten or six, etc - but each is a separate little village or community though they may be in sight of each other. Often around the whole settlement is a wall of cane stalks or stones and mud. We received our invitations to the 12:30 feast or dinner at about ten o'clock, Oriental fashion. The ladies of the Foreign Community were invited to feast at this home. We met at a certain place and were conducted to the village and home by a friend of the family. She is a dear old Korean Christian with a thin, refined face. I cannot describe the charm, the sweet gentleness, the inward refinement of every feature, every gesture, of a true Korean gentlewoman. It is the native courtesy accentuated. This woman had on her spottless white garments and head band and as it was rather cool she wore over her short jacket another delicately padded of white silk, fastened at the side with a good sized awhir button.

When she met me with her gentle graceful bow and the precious quiet

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woman had on her spotters white gar-  
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jacket another delicately padded  
of white silk, fastened at the side  
with a good sized arrow button.  
When she met me with her gentle  
graceful bow and the gracious greeting  
of the land, "Pyeng an haseo" or "Peace  
have you," she took my hand in  
both of hers, a mark of great respect,  
and lifted it to her cheek with a  
tender pressure. It was a beauti-  
ful greeting. We were ushered through  
the outside wall of stone and mud  
higher than our heads and quite thick.  
Right at the entrance was a sort of coop  
in which were four large geese  
padding around in a slimy mud -  
quite a smelly place. They set up  
a great racket when they saw us. I  
shall have to tell you right here that  
the Koreans keep geese just as we in  
America keep watch dogs, to scare off  
robbers. They do it to perfection, too,  
by their noise. Noise seems to be the  
thing a Korean burglar can't abide.  
When there is a robber about the people  
set up the awfalest screaming you  
ever heard - it would scare an  
honest man. One of the nurses here  
told me the geese have a regular  
time for making their quacking  
noise, all day and night and that  
it is so regular they have the Koreans  
take their medicine by it! At the  
side of the walk where we came in  
were blooming flowers, asters, daisies  
and other blooming plants. There were  
a number of Korean, one story houses  
built in a circle around a court-  
yard. There were places built for

time for making their quacking noise, all day and night and that it is so regular they have the Koreans take their medicine by it! At the side of the walk where we came in were blooming flowers, asters, daisies and other blooming plants. There were a number of Korean, one story houses built in a circle around a court yard. There were places built for fuel and for vegetables and supplies of all sorts and in the center a funny little lamp post of wood with a painted glass lantern on top like a street lamp. It was a smudge coal oil lamp. Most of the houses were only the ordinary Korean houses and the doors and windows full of women and children, all staring at the strangers. At the very entrance to the court the hostess met us, who is the daughter of the old woman whose birthday we had come to feast over. The daughter was a middle aged superior looking woman who met us with her small, shapely hands raised and folded in the Oriental fashion, as she said "Pajeng an hasedo" "Peace have you" and we responded, "Pajang an hasedo" - which is the proper response. The house of this mother in which we were entertained was far superior to the others. It had a little porch about as wide as a table, with a little carved railing a foot or so high. In it hung quite a fine large painted glass lantern with a candle inside. We were asked to remove our shoes. Some of the foreigners, knowing the custom had brought bed room slippers to put on but the rest of us were in stocking feet - which gave me the sense full through the affair, that I wasn't quite

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but the rest of us were in stocking  
feet - which gave me the sense fall  
through the affair, that I was not quite  
properly dressed. The windows of this  
room were high on the wall and  
of glass, a rare and unusual thing -  
they are usually oiled paper. Some-  
times with a bit of glass window  
pane pasted in somewhere. But  
these were of glass and had blooming  
plants in them and they were all  
barred with iron bars as was the low  
door through which we stepped as  
we climbed in where a few remov-  
able bars had been taken out. The  
bars were necessary as a protection  
against thieves for another of the  
curses of heathenism is the con-  
stant menace of robbers. They  
are everywhere and though we have  
Japanese police they are even

worse than the robbers, sometimes.  
But that is another chapter and a  
very dreadful one, I think in the  
treatment of the supposed as well  
as the real victim. Did you ever  
thank God for an honest neigh-  
borhood and police protection  
that didn't stand for your own  
safety - just another one of the bles-  
sings of a blessed Christianity.

We were seated at once at the  
table after walking around the small  
room with its floor covered with thick  
smooth oiled paper over which de-  
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We were seated at once at the table after walking around the small room with its floor covered with thick smooth oiled paper over which delightful thickly padded mats were spread. As all Korean houses are heated by the smoke from the cooking fires passing under the floor - and as a feast was in preparation our floor was good and warm. We folded ourselves up and sat down at the little foot-high table that was all neatly covered with a cover from end to end made of the "pon noje" or white Korean paper used for a thousand things. This broad white sheet of paper was bordered with red paper pasted on the edges. It was neat and inviting. They rolled it up (you see it was to keep off the flies and thankful we were to have it so) - and then the feast set before us in all its fifteen varieties by actual count! You see they had been having this feast for three days, all sorts of friends and relatives and dignitaries and we were the climax so to us had been reserved their daintiest dainties. First was cold sliced beef, rather tough and without a particle of salt. But there was a general little saucer of salt for general use, also a saucer of sugar. Then there were little thin sausages of pork, then the most delicious fried chicken, only the breasts and thighs. It had been fried in the fat of the chicken and was fine! Then there was "duc" the bread that is

not a particle of salt. But there was a general little saucer of salt for general use, also a saucer of sugar. Then there were little thin sausages of pork, then the most delicious fried chicken, only the breasts and thighs. It had been fried in the fat of the chicken and was fine! Then there was "duc" the bread that is made of flour and water and steamed then covered with a yellow powder and is "puffy" and tastes like absolutely indigestible and which I cannot eat; then sandwiches of "kimchi" their pickled turnip, fried in batter, then there was another sort of bread that I could not eat and hard boiled eggs, and a variety of cakes, especially long cakes covered with the sweetened puffed rice.

You know it was a missionary from Korea who introduced puffed rice into America another man made his fortune. But there was a cake there that I ate a large piece of that would make a fortune for anyone. It is made of honey and a sort of seed they use in their candy and it seemed to be fried as our doughnuts. Up, it was good! I brought a piece to my cook to see if she could make it and she says she can! Would you like a piece? It was their finest cake - then there was a sort of sponge cake brought from the Japanese and roasted chestnuts and several other things I did not know or taste. But there were lovely apples piled in a dish and the delightful fruit the persimmon and the Korean pear which is rather misip but keeps all winter like apples. These persimmons are not the variety you have to eat leaning over a bath tub - but the seedless kind you peel before eating.

spoon & ~~and~~ and ~~roasted~~ I didn't  
know or taste. But there were truly  
apples piled in a dish and then  
delightful fruit the persimmon  
and the Korean pear which is rather  
missip but keeps all winter like  
apples. These persimmons are  
not the variety you have to eat  
leaning over a bath tub - but the  
seedless kind you peel before eat-  
ing. There were no chop sticks, as  
we couldn't use them and it would  
be ~~dis~~ courteous to offer them under  
~~such~~ conditions (would the same delicacy  
of forethought obtained at some  
American feasts where there are  
such a bewildering display of "tools"  
as the boy called them) - there wasn't  
a spoon or a fork and but one  
little peeling knife which we passed  
around when we wanted to eat our  
fruit. That room too was most in-  
teresting and as it is "good form" in  
Korea to look around with interest  
and admiration I felt justified  
in taking a survey. There were at  
least eight or ten of the wonderful  
brass bound chests, so fine and  
beautiful and full of the silks and  
satins and family treasures though  
not the bed or table linens as our  
table cloth was the same and invaluable  
"panquoy" or white paper and  
so were our napkins. Around the  
room ~~had~~ general paper scrolls  
and on the wall an ugly, cheap clock  
bearing on its glass door in English  
the words "Hard Industry" We could  
not quite make out the meaning of  
that. But it is an object of great  
value, this imported clock - and is  
about as ugly as may other things that  
have only that redeeming feature.  
There were one or two small mirrors  
one inlaid with mother of pearl.

~~and~~ a ~~real~~ treasure of the little low-

and, when warming on its glass stove in the winter  
the stones "heat conductor," he could  
not easily make out the meaning of  
that. But it is an object of great  
value, this unpolished clock - and is  
about as ugly as many other things  
here only the redcoring culture.

Here we see one or two small rooms  
one inlaid with mother of pearl.  
But the chief treasure of the little low-  
roofed, swampsy papered room of the  
riched woman in the village was here  
made for the bed, her Oriental pads  
made of the best, her Chinese bed  
and a Chinese back. The man "take  
up" on one corner of the room, neat-  
ly folded and covered with a silk  
gauze were a row of the thick pads  
used for the beds which they spread  
on the floor at night. They are as wide  
as a foot. They were made of all colors  
of beautiful silk. In another corner  
were three made of cotton and the  
second pillow with their embroidered  
ends. One of the things that gives a Korean  
hostess is that of foreigners eat so little.  
They eat great quantities but only  
three or four. In the time they expect  
is that you will carry away a quantity.  
That certainly is an honor for you  
must give the least if you will  
even carry some away. We did.

I brought the children quite a varie-  
ty. They all love Korean food there  
little half Orientals. I paid a  
jar of preserves wrapped in tissue  
paper and tied with a gay ribbon,  
to the grandmother and as I pre-  
pared it told her how sorry I  
was to give so poor a gift. It  
had been the richest jewels I could  
have obtained also. (In Korea, old  
men eat with no utensil but tea cans  
in which was at the end (an  
immovable lump by the foreign-  
ers) it was terribly hot and be-

jar of preserves, wrapped  
sober and lid with a gay ribbon  
thick grandmother and a  
lentil it. Well her how sorry I  
was to bring on poor a gift of it  
had been. The necklace jewels & could  
say nothing else. The water, did  
not eat with us until the tea came  
in which was at the end, an  
innovation taught by the French-  
ers. It was terribly hot and be-  
sides having lots to sugar in  
it there was quite a quantity of  
sugar! We drank it from  
odd and odds of bowls and one  
thick glass tumbler! We had our  
plates to eat from. The food was in  
brass bowls or coarse China.  
plates and saucers for such a  
thing as a set of china is unknown.  
Some of these things were perhaps  
borrowed. They only have bowls  
of brass in China. There were won-  
derful gl-brass bowls about the  
room. We sometimes see the very  
poor Koreans at the side of the coarse  
washing his face in an exquisite  
brass wash basin! I envy them  
straight out. We didn't see the host  
as it honor until we were leaving  
which we did as soon as we could  
stand up, for sitting doubled up  
through a feast is no meanfeat  
for an elderly person. She was a  
fine, strong-faced old woman, with  
a slightly dignified manner. She  
is the mother-in-law of several son's  
wives who live about her in the  
circle of houses around the court.  
Aside from her children there are  
the concubines and children of her  
dead husband whom she supports!  
Can't that wonderful? Her husband  
died with which means perhaps

a stately, dignified manner. She  
is the mother-in-law of several son's  
wives who live about her in the  
circle of houses around the court.  
Aside from her children there are  
the concubines and children of her  
dead husband whom she supports!  
Isn't that wonderful? Her husband  
being rich (which means perhaps  
\$500 a year) took to himself sever-  
al concubines but when he and his  
wife became Christians, ten or twelve  
years ago, he gave up the other  
wives but they decided to take  
care of them and that is what she  
has done ever since. I think that  
proves a pretty high sort of Chris-  
tianity. One of the daughters-in-law  
helped serve the table with her  
baby strapped to her back. Some  
of the children came and looked in  
at us as we ate. Oh, it all makes  
me think of the things Jesus talked  
about and makes his words as  
alive. There was wonderful com-  
fort and order and cleanliness in  
this little home with its really  
pitiful ~~grandchildren~~ - a granda~~re~~ that  
would seem like the playing of child-  
ren beside the real thing but it  
was granda~~re~~ comparatively.

I had fifteen letters and one card  
from America this week!! The mails  
had been delayed for some reasons  
and the letters written Sept. 28, reached  
me on the 24<sup>th</sup> and those sent  
on the 21<sup>st</sup> came today. I had two  
dear ones from you and two from Lucy  
dear and others from others  
dear, dear ones. You are all so  
good to me. I was just famishing  
for word from home. I never  
left you words. Let me tell you dear,

had been delayed for some time  
and the letters written Sept. 28, reached  
me on the 24<sup>th</sup> and those sent  
on the 21<sup>st</sup> came to day. I had two  
dear ones from you and two from  
dear Lenore and two from Lucy  
dear and others from others  
dear, dear ones. You are all so  
good to me. I was just famishing  
for word from home. I never  
get enough. Let me tell you dear,  
a few lines in your letter of  
the 28<sup>th</sup> just made me cry for  
thankfulness. It was one thing I  
have prayed and prayed for, that  
you might understand my base  
motive for coming to this work -  
that it was the motive that has  
impelled me to whatever poor  
little service I have ever render-  
ed. It has been one of the hard  
things for me to realize that you  
did not see it as I did. You re-  
member you said you couldn't  
get my point of view before  
I left, but you do now. Dear  
I am not "way ahead" of any  
of you, don't think that, for my  
sacrifice was not what yours  
was - but oh, I thank you for  
the sweet words. You do help me  
infinity by your tender sym-  
pathy and courage. Dear, if  
you think any folks would care  
to read this disgracefully long  
letter you might send it around  
with this task. However do as  
you wish entirely. They are writing  
on all sides about getting the  
letters and if they are any pleasure  
to any of you, you know how re-  
sponsible it then I seem

pathy and courage.  
you think any folks would care  
to read this disgracefully long  
letter you might send it around  
with this last. However do as  
you wish entirely. They are writing  
on all sides about getting the  
letters and if they are any pleasure  
to any of you, you know how re-  
paid I feel to write them. I seem  
to get a little closer home when  
I tell "you all" my experiences.

Oh, I never cease asking  
Our Father for you, every moment,  
and for all the beloved company  
of friends. Goodnight, boy.  
Mother.

From  
Mrs. J. D. Luckett  
Pyung Yon  
Korea



Mr. James D. Luckett,  
U.S.A. Attorney,  
Mt. Pleasant